BY ALBERT DEMERS.

CHAPTER I. blessid chile; him de swamp."

gwine 'long by dem husky voice; "I'll let ye know my 'pin'on or water-oaks dis side ob | bust. which branched into bill, ran under several

self in a distant swamp. while the sun, fast nearing the distant hills of

The log but, a dozen slaves, and eight or ten poor planter.

with a fat, black hand. "I reckon ye're right, Aunty," said the man; "thet's th' boy for shore. I'm powerfu' glad

he's come, fer this hes been a long day."

Aun' Rosey, as the black woman was called, turned to her master and rejoined:

de youn' massa sumefing to eat." sprightly manner. etill keen blue eyes while he watched the new- sank down in the dust at his young master's Fred'ric."

cane and assumed a magisterial air. "No place in 'tic'lar, father."

thing really touching in the feeble old man's | gers."

from his strong son. "Father, I've l'arned somethin' since I left ye this mornin'," said the young man, after a | disappeared among the pines. few moments of silence.

boy with a sly look. "What's the news?" They're jes' makin' things lively fer th' invaders. I tell ye, father, these air tryin' days, en good men that ain' 'fraid ter fight air in de-

"Wall, wall," said the old man, in a musing tone." So th' Yanks ain' cowards, after all th' talk. Who told you all this, boy?" ."Th' Turner brothers. I met them down mear th' run after I left home this mornin'. They hev j'ined Mosby's command, en air gwine on a raid down th' valley ter nite. Say, father, I wanter tell ye somethin'. The young

man leaned forward. "I've formed a 'pin'on," Shaking his head in a sage way, the planter quavered, "Glad ter know yer mind's formed, boy; glad ter know it. What's it 'bout?" "Erbout th' new flag en th' old Stars en

"Wall! I've formed a 'pin'on 'bout them same flags mysel'." Approaching his head close to the old man's,

planting his cane before him, he said: "I hev my 'pin'on 'bout this war, en, as ye my, ye bev yourn. I want ye ter go out into

ye've got. Ef a feller doan' act up ter his prin got a pin'on, he's wrestlin' wi' princ'ples. Jes' ye must come home. Ef ye doan't, I'll whip ye, I will," The sun had now gone down, and the whip-

water-oaks by the swamp. shoulders, the son said: "Whatever yer 'pin'on en mine might be,

sore thought from either of us, will they?" "Never, boy; never a harsh word or a sore thought from either."

At an early hour the following morning, would one day become a freedman, Aun' Rosey was raising her usually melodious distant run when filled to overflowing with | heard the muffled report, and so did his faithful the melting snows of early Spring, he ruefully | slave. scratched his woolly head with the disengaged

"It am no use tryin' to make a genelman out ch de likes ob you," Aunt Rosey was saying; was all in a tremble with fright, "dat am a "youse fader am in you. De only val'able awfu' soun', for s'uah!" ting bout you am your good looks-an' you 'eus youn' nigger. Where you spend de nite, 'Oh, Mammy!" whined the youth, in hypo-

critical tones, "youse wrong me; 'deed youse do! Ise been actin' de Good Samar'in." "What you mean, chile?" asked Rosey, whose bump of inquisitiveness was touched by

BET DOVE WORDS. "Jes' dis: Y' see," commenced the youth, in asked: a snuffling tone-"No, I doan't see nuffin', onless it am your

wicked pusson, en dat's worse nor nuffin'," interrupted Rosey. "Mammy, youse laborin' under a dislusion.

On dis breas' ob mine las' nite de head ob a dyin' man wuz pil'o'd." "G'way, you wicked chile," snorted the old | fightin'!" woman, while she shook her yellow-turbaned head with a decidedly incredulous motion:

pll'o' ob de dyin'. Who de sinner?" "Old Une' 'Siah." "Jes' ez I t'oug't! Dat wicked ole man couldn't die wif out leabin' de prints ob him e'aracter on you. Him head hab gib de sine ob him callin' to my chile! Wha' dat on you me. Air ye'fraid o' bullets?"

dead fader's coat, boy?" The young negro apprehensively glanced down at the front of the ancient misfit coat he

erated Aun' Rosey, in a louder key. "I donn' know, Mammy," whined the boy. "Dose fe'thers mus' hab been shaked on dis garmen' from de wings ob de angels while dey | sa, le'me jes go!"

wuz fiyin' above de dyin' fo'm ob good ole Unc' This impudent excuse was more than the boy. outraged feelings of the old woman could endure, and she bore down on her graceless off- | road. spring with a screech of rage. The boy did spring with a screech of rage. The boy did mot wait to argue matters further. He nimbly he called back, and he then plunged into the

skipped around the corncrib, and thus escaped | tangled wood near the hut. a well-deserved drubbing. Aun' Rosey, baffled of her prey, looked for tered, "I mus' see Henry, en know his 'pin'on Bide the cornerib. Behind a forlorn mule an eld slave was lazily driving to the sunlit cornelled near the swamp, and singing one of those deleful but melodious plantation airs so dear to the near heart. The limit of the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sluggish blood in his rains to the sluggish blood in his rains to the sunlit caused the sluggish blood in his rains to the sluggish blood in hi to the negro heart. The bird was unworthy of | with rage. In front of the hut, with his face

the unconscious and unoffending slave, and muttering something about "dat cock-fightin' chile sen'in' dese gray ha'rs in sorrer to de grabe," she plunged into the hut. The loud clattering of pans for some time thereafter showed that the old woman's stormy temper

was slow in calming. Later in the morning the planter and his son sterned out of the hut and walked toward the road. On the young man's broad back was strapped a bundle, and he carried a heavy walking-stick, which would serve him both as a weapon and prop. Reaching the road, the planter placed a trembling hand on his son's shoulder. In shaking tones he said:

"Ye can jes' dig out now, boy. Ef ye come back en let me know yer 'pin'on, I kinder feel N EE, Massa! Dar am de | thet I'll die easy like." "Good-by, father!" answered the son in a

"Is you gwine ter lebe your Fre'ric 'hind, Standing on the lit- Massa Henry?" broke in a voice well known tle porch of a log hut, a to the planter and his son. "Am Massa Henry man and weman were gwine 'way wifout his boy?"

looking down a path | The black youth who had but a short time previous disturbed Aun' Rosey's even frame of the road at the right of | mind was standing in the road and staring at the dwelling. The path his young master with a half-pathetic, halfwound around a low | comic look showing on his homely face. "Come 'ere, Fred." commanded the young

wide-spreading black- master. "Let me give ye some structions. I gums, and then lost it- didn't want ye ter know I was gwine 'way, 'cause I felt thet ye would wanter go ter th' Back of the hut the war with me. Now look yere; do ye like shadows were creeping out from a belt of pines, father en me, ye little black imp?"

A picture showed vividly in the boy's mind's "Old Virginia," cast a faint, mellow light over | eye. He beheld hundreds of miserable slaves, grant, arents, parents and children, all chained together and standing in the slave mart of a scres of arable land formed the domain of a great Southern city. An auctioneer, possessing a villainous face, and who looked down on The woman stepped down from the porch, a crowd of laughing, swearing planters, was while she shaded her eyes from the dying sun | seen standing on an auction-block and crying the human chattels that were gathered around him. Suddenly a strange man appeared in the picture, and turned his eyes on a slave woman who was clinging to a little black boy. The mother impulsively reached out her hands to him and sobbed, "Good massa, buy me an' my "Ain' no mistakin' youn' Massa Henry. I Fre'ric. Dey will sell my chile from me; oh, coul' tell his figger eben in de shadders ob de | Massa, good Massa, do buy us!" The "good swamp. De blessid chile hab de same walk as | massa" moved away, saying, "Poor woman! I de poah dead missy, suah as de world, suah as can't buy ye." A little boy next appeared, and, and were soon lost in a cloud of dust.

de world. Now I jes' hop 'long libely, an' git taking hold of the "good massa's" hand, he The boy, assisted by poor, bewilde said: "Doan't ye let th' little nigger be taken And the squat figure of the faithful old serv- away from his mammy." Turning his eyes ant waddled into the hut in a ludicrously upon the boy, the man said: "I'll buy th' mammy en son for ye, boy; but I'll hev to Then the man, who was decrepit with age, | mortgage th' plantation. The picture slowly leaned forward. A fond light showed in his faded from Frederick's memory, and then he

comer hurry up the path. In a few moments a feet. tall, loosely-jointed young man was standing "Yes, Massa Henry," he sobbed, "I lubs you an' ole massa. I knows Ise been a bad youn' "Whar hey ye been, boy?" asked the plan-ter, as he folded his withered hands on his does."

"What snivlin'!" ejaculated the planter. "I reckon we know that th' Yanks is lookin' I'll whip ye-I will." Then the stick was bout this 'cinity? Now, s'posin' them soldi'rs | shaken at the boy with an admonitory motion. | 'bout jes like dose moccasin snakes in de swamp; sook ye fer one of Mosby's men; they'd shoot | "Ef ye like father en me, Fred," advised the | but I doan mind 'em any. I wuz int'rested in | said Virgil, nearly 2,000 years ago, "would not we like a nigger. I want ye ter stay at home, | young master, who was apparently deeply af- | de fight, foah dere wuz somebody dat I wanted | country folks be almost too happy?" en stop goin' ter 'no place in 'tic'lar'; now, ef | fected by the boy's words, ye'll stay yere on | ter see bery much. 'Way froo de smoke, I | If they only knew them—their hygienic opye doan't stop it, boy, I'll whip ye, I will." th' plantation while I'm 'way. Be good ter bime-by see de Yanks break an' run like a lot portunities, for instance! We read of travel-A smile passed over the son's face, while he | yer mammy, en tell her not ter worry fer me. | o' 'possums. A Yankee off'cer next ride 'long. | ers that perished with thirst within a short | the third from off the Carolina coast, where it abstractedly plucked at the cypress-vine which I want ye ter say ye won't run 'way jes 'cause He sna'ched de 'Merican flag from a sold'er dat | distance of a spring that they could not possientwined about the porch. There was some- th' Yanks hev promised ter free all ye nigthreat and the loving look which it provoked

"Y-e-s, massa, I promise." Shaking his father's hands, the young man When his son had passed from sight, the old

claimed, catching sight of the sobbing slave. "Th' Yanks hev sent a big army out o' Fair-fax County, and air erbout terspread over nigh I'll whip ye—I—." Unable to further master all th' State. Ef they ain' driven from th' his feelings, the eccentric man leaned against place, then it's good-by ter slaves en property. a black-gum which stood near the road, while Mosby en his men air raisin' high old times. his feeble frame shook with convulsive sobs.

. CHAPTER II. Nearly two years passed, and the planter patiently awaited his boy's return. At the secluded little estate scarcely anything was heard from the outside world. From far down the valley the roll of drams was occasionally borne to the inhabitants of the plantation, and several times a company from Mosby's command some successful raid in an adjoining County. The few slaves living on the plantation showed little or no interest in the great struggle which was to either secure their release from bondage or increase their moral degredation. The fact was, that the slaves owned by the "good massa" had always been treated with humanity. Each and every one was far better fed and | bling hands. clothed than many of the poor whites living some distance down the valley. That ebullient young negro, Fred, with one exception, was the only slave on the plantation that the son asked, "Will I carry out that 'pin'on, showed any curiosity about "de wah fo' de brack The planter stood up, and his shrunken form | the front porch, Fred would steal from the seemed to become straight and vigorous. Firmly | slaves' quarters, and hurry toward the hut. Peering into the kitchen where Aun' Rosey was wont to smoke her evening pipe over the fire, he would wisper, "Is you dar, Mammy?" th' world en fight like sixty fer that 'pin'on | Aun' Rosey would raise her head at the sound

c'ples, he air no airthly use; en when a man's vey her boy. After some deliberation, she always decidedly announced, "Ise yere, chile!" se soon es ye hev worked out yer 'pin'on, boy, Then Fred would go to his mother's side, and whisper to her all the information he had gleaned during his nocturnal wanderings about he had seemed invincible; that the Yanks were Tenderly placing his hands on the old man's | driving the Confederates across the State like | echo of a whisper: chaff before the wind; and that, in short, the great day-"de emancipation mornin'"-was father, they'll never bring a harsh word or a not far off. The old black woman loved her Ikind master and his son; but the word "freedom" possessed for her an untold charm, and although the poor black was content to remain

a slave, she hoped and prayed that her boy One lovely Spring morning the peaceful rewoice to a shrill key. Standing near a corn- gion about the plantation echoed for the first crib at the back of the but, the old woman vo- time with the distant growling of cannon. ciferously admonished a bandy-legged, ruffled | Aun' Rosey had assisted her old master to his young negro. The youth gingerly swayed a favorite seat on the cypress-covered porch, sattered stove-pipe hat in one hand, and while | when a sound, very much like the dying crash Aun' Bosey's words nosily poured forth as the of thunder, rolled up the valley. The planter

> "Listen, Rosey!" he commanded; "de ye kinder notice a soun'?" "Yes, Massa," answered Aun' Rosey, who

"Thar's heavy fightin' gwine on, sure's yer got dose from your mammy. Yes, youse your born. Th' Yanks air gittin' down toward our fader's boy all ober—a cock-fightin', sacerlig-plantation, or I'm a nigger!" At this point Fred came running toward the hut, and stopped within a few feet of where his master was sitting.

" "Massa," he called out, "dere's a big fight gwine on 'tween our sold'ers an' de Yanks de oder sibe ob Sharp's hill. Glancing toward the boy, whose eyes were

"How d'ye know?" "One ob Mosby's men stop at de run las' nite while I wuz out." "Ha, ye young snake in th' grass! Whar

wuz ye last nite?" "Forgib de poah chile, Massa!" cried Aun' Rosey. "De weak boy hab a maniac foah cock-Vainly attempting to suppress a smile, the

planter shook his stick at Fred, and threatened "you ain' made ob de sort dat watches ober de | him with that long-withheld whipping. Satisfied that she had saved her son from a severe and as witnesses are produced from time to "Come yere, boy." Fred cautiously obeyed his master.

"Now, Fred, I want ye to do somethin' fer "Sometimes, Massa," answered the boy with a significant grin. "Would ye be 'fraid ter go near th' place

were, and which was covered with mud and | whar th' fightin' is gwine on now, jes ter see ef ye can kinder ketch sight o' my boy? Ye "Wha' dat on you dead father's coat?" reit- can't tell, he may somehow hev got mixed up thar in th' scrimmage." "Will I gwine look foah Massa Henry!" joyfully cried the slave; "le'me jes try, mas-

"Then git, ye little imp, en hurry back, so es I kin l'arn somethin o' th' fightin'-en my Fred's bandy legs quickly carried him to the

Sinking back in his chair the planter mut-

of two of Mosby's guerrillas. Aun' Rosy was clinging to the men, and frantically beseeching them not to harm her boy. "Curse ye, ye durned nigger," growled one of the guerrillas; "leggo!"

And he savagely brought down the butt-end of a pistol on the old woman's head. The planter uttered a loud cry, and hurriedly limped from the porch. The cowardly assault committed upon his faithful old nurse had given him new strength, and as he staggered toward the guerrillas they quailed beneath his burning glance.

ye come yere en strike my defenseless slaves?" "By th' rite of war, old man," growled one of the ruffians. "By th' right of war!" echoed the planter. en throtlin' boys th' rights of war? Let go of | called attention to the large number of farmthet nigger, or by th' eternal I'll make ye!" yere fer other than wats rite. This little nig- | line of a well-advertised railroad.

"Ye cowards!" he cried, "by what right do

ger hes hid a wounded Yankee off'cer, en we intend ter know whar th' Yank is." "Umph!" growled the planter, as he turned an inquiring eye on Fred. "Do ye hear thet, boy? Do ye hear thet 'cusation? No? Glad ter know ye haven't tuk ter hidin' wounded

"Thet won't do, old man," growled the heroic | the Dead Sea Desert." guerrilla. "Ef yer nigger doan't know how ter peak, I reckon this 'll start his tongue wag-

Suiting his words, the ruffian placed his pistol against the boy's head. With a deep curse, the planter seized the guerrilla by the neck, and hurled him to one side. 'Keep off, durn ye!" he shouted. "This boy's mine, en th' first one that lays a finger on my property, he does so at his risk." "Confound ye!" growled the ruffian, "take

A puff of smoke, a report, and the old man lay on the sward with the life-blood welling from a ragged hole in his breast. "My God, Chapman, you've killed him," cried the murderer's companion.

Entirely overlooking the object of their visit, the guerrillas cast furtive glances about them. They then hurried toward their horses, which had been tied to a neighboring snake-fence, The boy, assisted by poor, bewildered Aun'

and called on him to speak. "Air thet—you Fred," at last gasped the planter, and he med his death-glazed eyes upward.

"Yes, Massa! it's me-it's me-your boy "Those villains hev-finished me! Nevernever mind. Did ye see my son-my Henry?" Here the dying man eagerly clutched at the | dy. But under normal conditions health is as | coast, two from the Northwest Territory, two boy, and drew him down.

Yes, Massa. Dose men want dat Yankee off cer, but he too good foah such bad comp'ny. 'Now look yere, boy! Ef ye doan't stop thet, W'en I lef' yere, I got near de place w'ere de to the country in order to enjoy the free medifightin' wuz bery libely. De bullets wuz hissin' | cal assistance of nature. wuz scootin' 'way, an' den waved it 'bove his | bly have missed if they had only searched on head. Dat off cer den cheer de Yanks, an' the opposite bank of the dry ravine that befight like a game-cock-all 'lone at de las'. came their grave. With almost similar feelings Sudden like, I see him frow up his sword. Den a philanthropist must contemplate the fate of resolutely strede down the road and quickly de flag an' eberyt'ing wuz cover'd by de dust. | thousands who pine away within easy reach of 'Dat Yank too brave to die,' I t'inks. So w'en | sure, of free and abundant means of help. de fightin' hed kinder scooted 'long-'way "Glad ter know yer mind's growin'," an- man sighed heavily and then drew his sleeve down from de place-I crawled on an' foun' swered the planter, and he glanced down at his across his eyes. "Ha! sniv'lin' yet," he ex- him an' de flag. Befoah de sold'ers shuffled back, I had carried him in de woods, an' den got him at de en' ob de swamp."

" En who air thet officer?" "Your son, Massa! My brave Massa Henry. I hab de flag w'at Massa Henry fight so hard foah. He put it in his bre'st while I wuz takin' him to de swamp. W'en I got him dere, he wuz dyin'."

The old man groaned in agonizing tones: "My brave boy! my poor boy!"
"Befoah he died," continued the slave, 'Massa Henry sna'ched de flag wif de Stars an' Stripes from his bre'st. Oh, Massa, Massa! I can't no how forgit de look he hab on his face. He kinder fling de flag to me, an' say, sorry had stopped at the place while returning from | like, 'Tell my fader dat my 'pin'on am printed dere; de answer's on de flag!' Den, Massahim-died; him died in dese arms." "Whar's thet flag?" gasped the planter.

"Give it ter me!" forth a tattered and blood-stained piece of silk, which he tenderly placed in his master's trem-

Shaking out the folds of the old flag with a feeble motion, the planter cried: "Boy, on these Stars en Strip's th' 'pin'on of my son has been printed with his prec'us blood. Mi'ty dear ink en high-figger'd paper, man." Often, when the planter was dozing on | that air blood en flag; but this air flag-with its mem'ries of old glory-hes kinder touched my heart, jes' es my boy did w'en-w'en he first turned his baby eyes on me. Yes, boy, that flag-hes always been-my 'pin'on!"

The sun touched the planter's transfigured face with a beautiful light. In the poor, ignorof the mysterious voice, and then cally sur- orant slave's eyes it threw a seeming halo-the sign of a divine presence-about his martyred | air. The chill mountain wind, the rain or the master's silverly hair.

The old man lay in the sobbing boy's arms, and life seemed to have left his broken frame, Suddenly the eyelids fluttered. An upward the neighborhood. Aun' Rosey learned that | glance, in which was shown a shade of the oldpoorwill's sad notes were floating out from the | Mosby was rapidly losing ground where once | time magisterial air, and then the grief-stricken | tic fevers. slave caught these words, faint, expiring, the

"Wha'-snivelin' again! Now-look yere, boy; if ye doan't stop thet-I'll whip ye-

LAND WARRANTS bought at highest market price. B. F. Pitman & Co., Chadron, Nebraska.

Correspondence solicited.

CRONIN'S MURDERERS.

Burke Identified and Will be Extradited, Martin Burke, the man'recently arrested in Winnipeg, Manitoba, has been fully inentified as the man who represented himself as one of the Williams brothers who employed the expressman, Martinsen, to move the furniture to the cottage where Dr. Cronin was murdered. Martisen was sent to Winnepeg by the authorities, and instantly picked Burke out from 52 men who were drawn up in line in the jailyard, in the presence of the Crown Attorney and Burke's lawyer. Burke is now lodged in the Provincial jail. He was arraigned on Friday morning before Judge Bain in the extradition proceedings, but the hearing was adjourned until Thursday next. Burke's lawyer proposes to fight the proceedings to the last, but no trouble is anticipated, as the disposition of the authorities at Winnipeg is to give every assistance possible. The grand jury received no additional light on the mystery from the evidence of the witnesses who were on the stand on Friday. Robert Bruce, the detective, was required to give his version of the story that Alderman John McCormick once attempted to bribe him to remove Cronin. This story shrank into insignificance under the queries of the grand jury, and proved to have had its origin in simple expressions of dislike and distrust that McCormick once passed upon Cronin. The proceedings of Friday closed the investigations of the grand jury in the Cronin case for the time being. The case, however, will be open to give the police an opportunity to pursue their investigations, time their testimony will be received by the jury, and filed with the vast volume of evidence already adduced,



No PEN CAN BO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICUEA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, sofly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair. CUTTOURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTTOURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, exter-nally, and Cuticura RESOLVEST, the New Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every from of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness Aun' Rosey's attention, and the black minstrel and hands bleeding from innumerable cuts and ber reach. So, after shaking her fist at scratches, Fred was struggling in the clutches

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness mention the risk of a reckless speedily cured by Curioura Anti-Pain the vitality of the patient.

The bird was unworthy of a reckless speedily cured by Curioura Anti-Pain the vitality of the patient.

The bird was unworthy of a reckless speedily cured by Curioura Anti-Pain the vitality of the patient. PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster,

Written for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

For Old and Young.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D., Author of "Physical Education"; "Household Remedies"; "The Bible of Nature," etc.

> CHAPTER XXII. COUNTRY LIFE.

A few years ago a Tennessee hunter guided party of vacation tourists to the lookout cliff of a steep mountain range. He probably Confound ye, do ye call murderin' old women | took us for land speculators, and repeatedly steads that could be bought for a mere song, as "Look yere, old man," said the hero who their former occupants had left for the West had dealt Aun' Rosy the blow, "we arn't to settle in one of the new towns along the

"Look here," burst out one of my companions, after gloating in silence over the magnificent scenery at our feet-" see here, I don't believe Adam and Eve were chased out of paradise after all. I shouldn't be the least bit surprised if they didn't jump the fence and run off to settle in some new railroad town of

In comparing our crowded city slums with the solitude of many a Southern highland Eden, a conclusion of that sort might, indeed, not seem quite unpardonable. Strangest of all is, perhaps, the fact that hundreds of families stick to a crowded town from sanitary considerations-for instance, to enjoy the advantage of free medical attendance. But the signs of the times presage the advent of a day when the same considerations will induce thousands to leave the city for the country. From year to year the conviction is gaining ground that wholesome food, pure air and outdoor exercise are worth all the simples and mixtures of the drugstore, nay, that countless diseases have been aggrevated by the delusion that drugs could save us the trouble of reforming the habits which had caused the loss of health. People will by-and-by recognize the truth that the symptoms of a disease are generally nothindirect violation of her laws, and that the hope of curing a disorder by the suppression the fire-bells. It is true that the causes of disease are sometimes complicated with cirof moderate means, as the morbid influence of reeking slums or crowded tenements, the defects of ventilation and certain municipal abuses which even wealth cannot always remecheap as air and sunlight, and the time will from northwest Texas and one from the West come when city invalids, whose ailments defy | Indies. Average progressive velocity eastward the skill of the best practitioners, will remove | 22 miles per hour. Average duration 3.5 days.

"If they only knew their own advantages,"

Sunlight alone would cure hundreds of poor city children who sicken like cellar-plants in the unnatural twilight of their tenement prisons; but their number is insignificant compared with that of the more hopelessly doomed, because voluntary, abstainers from fresh air. In the southern Alleghanies there are highlands where all the advantages of latitude, soil and situation seem to combine to make a perfect climate-a climate as safe as the Upper Alps from the taint of malaria, and less liable to the extremes of temperature. Yet in those same highland regions consumption is a very frequent disease. The natives are frugal and industrious, and, with now rare exceptions, temperate; but the night air superstition spoils all that. After dark mountain breezes that could reconcile a homesick Circassian to his exile are excluded as carefully as if they emanated from the pest-house of Shanghal; families with a numerous progeny sleep crowded together in a 12 by 12 log-cabin, often "six double"-half a dozen persons in the same bed, breathing and From beneath his coarse shirt the boy drew re-breathing the same exhausted air, the refuse of their own lungs-young children inhaling the breath of their already lung-sick elders; all waking up in the morning with a queer, congested feeling about the chest-a sort of half asthma, combined with languor and a stitching pain in the region of the upper ribs. The children multiply or marry, new relatives lung-poisons eventuate in a chronic catarrh. The whole family begins to bark and cough-'catched cold," they explain it-and close their cough-factory all the tighter. But the catarrh continues, not in the form of a "cold in the head," but of a chronic lung-trouble that refuses to yield to the influence of the Summer dew, must now bear the blame, though in conflict with that theory the women who stay at home suffer more than the out-door workers, and are generally the first victims of more serious complications-blood-spitting and hec- All clouds which lie as a thin, flat sheet.

"Try goat's milk," advises an old crone; that Aunt Betsy tried that and died all the

"Curtail your diet," says the fasting-cure fanatic; "most diseases are caused by over-eating. Reduce your bill of fare," "Great Scott! If we are already down to cornbread and milk ?"

animal food; dietetic excesses aggravate most | cumulus, 6,000 feet; cumulus, turretted or line

But the majority are clear for drugs. The heetic girl takes phosphates and cod liver oil | 4,000 feet; nimbus, 4,500 feet; stratus, scud with the resignation of a life-weary nun. The | and wreaths, 1,900 feet. sick boy is forced to swallow "tonics" that make him sicker and sicker. The eldest son travels 50 miles afoot to see that new doctor who invented a patent cough sirup. The poor, hard-working father stints himself in food to an old man in Omaha named Wm. Shakspere, pay that doctor's bill, and in sleep, to nurse his dying wife.

And all that misery might have been avoided by a plan that would have cost them less than nothing and saved them a trouble-the trouble of closing their door at night. An English radical who has the merit of being violently opposed to wanton war, describes the contrast of result if the sum wasted on the Soudan campaign had been distributed among the London poor. Day dreamers might do worse than dwell on such projects; how many tears it would have dried, how many souls saved from crime and despair, if the billions devoured by our civil war had been bestowed on benevolent purposes? Yet, as surely as disease is a greater evil than poverty, the result of that gift, as a permanent blessing to mankind, would have been the veriest trifle, compared with the night-

air insanity.

Country life is the best remedy for the more serious forms of lung disorders. Consumption is a house disease. It is more frequent in civilized countries than among the savages of any race, north or south; it is more frequent in cities than in villages; extremely prevalent in the manufacturing districts of South Scotland and extremely rare in the pastoral districts of North Scotland. That its cause is not cold air, but impure air, is as absolutely certain as any fact in human physiology. By the simple removal of that cause we might save every year the lives of half a million of persons, together with the sums wasted on sham remedies. Or worse than wasted. "Invested in the purchase of deadly diseases," would often be a more adequate term. Alcoholic tonics rarely fail to aggravate pulmonary disorders beyond the curable stage. Nay, stimulants are often the primary cause of diseases which, before their application, existed only in theory. Constipation, for instance, originally often nothing but a transient lassitude of the digestive organs, is frequently made a permanent affliction by drasticdrugs, which momentarily excite, and eventually paralyze the activity of the digestive or-

gans. Outdoor exercise and a light, non-stimulating diet would not have failed to remedy the trouble in the course of a few days; but the patient demands a more immediate effect, and that demand is equaled by the supply. "Remedies" abound. Castor oil, rhubarb, sulphur and mercurial preparations will (at first) promptly effect the desired change, by convulsing the bowels and forcing them to rid themselves of an irritating poison, but even that temporary relief of discomfort is far outweighed by the distressing after-effects, not to mention the risk of a reckless experiment upon (To be continued.)

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THE WEATHER.

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Notable Occurrences for the Week Ending June 22,

ing but Nature's protest against some direct or BY LIEUT. J. P. FINLEY, U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE. [Correspondence invited, suggestions desired, and information cheerfully furnished. Every ef-Rosey, tenderly raised his master's gray head, of those symptoms would be as fatuous as the and called on him to speak.

Of those symptoms would be as fatuous as the fortemployed to make this Bureau of practical use to the readers of The National Tribune. All communications should be addressed—Weather, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Office, Washington, D. C. cumstances beyond the control of individuals LOWS, OR AREAS OF WARM, MOIST AIR, CLOUDY WEATHER, WITH GENERAL RAIN OR SNOW AND HIGH WINDS.

Seven such areas affected the weather of the United States. Two came from the California HIGHS, OR AREAS OF COLD, DRY AIR AND GEN-

ERALLY CLEAR WEATHER, WITH MODERATE

Three such areas affected the weather of the United States. One came from the Northwest 8th. Average progressive velocity eastward 10 miles per hour. Average duration 3.5 days. Temperature.-The greatest fall in 24 hours (22°) occurred at Denver, Colo., on the 20th. The greatest rise (22°) occurred at Denver, Colo., on the 18th. The maximum (104°) occurred at Yuma, Ariz., on the 21st. The minimum (34°) occurred at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 20th, and Northfield, Vt., on the 18th.

Precipitation .- Rain has been reported from every State and Territory, except Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Idaho and California. The heaviest (over one inch in 24 hours) was reported from Florida, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, New York, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas and Texas. The maximum in 24 hours (3.04 inches) occurred at Erie, Pa., on the 16th and 17th. Floods were reported from Kansas, Indiana and New York on the 16th and 17th. Loss to property \$1,500,000.

Winds.-The highest winds (40 miles per hour and over) were reported from Kansas, Illinois, Louisiana, Texas, Montana and Wyoming. The highest measured velocity (46 miles per hour) occurred at Abilene, Tex., on the 18th. Local storms occurred on the 16th and 17th in, New York, Indiana, Kansas, West Virginia and New Jersey; on the 20th in Dakota. Loss to property \$750,000. Rivers.-The maximum rise (65 inches) oc-

curred at Fort Smith, Ark., on the 20th. The maximum fall (21 inches) occurred at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 22d. Existing Conditions .- The principal low is passing eastward over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Another low is developing in the Northwest share the shelter of the little cabin; traveling | Territory, with prospects in that and adjacent friends come to stay all night, and at last the regions on Sunday evening. An enormous high covered the central portion of the country, the center of the area being near Lake Michigan.

Light rains on the Texas and North Carolina coasts; elsewhere generally fair weather. Facts to be Remembered .- For practical purposes clouds are divided into four different classes, according to their most obvious differences of shape. But these classes are only as a matter of convenience, for in nature they all run into each other by imperceptible gradations. The forms are: 1. Cumulus. All clouds which have a rocky or lumpy look. 2. Stratus. 3. Cirrus. All clouds which have a wispy, feathery or curly look. 4. Nimbus. Any cloud "it's death on coughs:" though they remember | from which rain is falling. The following varieties are derived from modifications of these four classes, and are arranged, according to elevation, into three classes, as follows: High - cirro-stratus, 27,600 feet; cirrus, cirrus stripes and cirrus haze, 27,000 feet; cirro-cumulus, 20,000 feet. Middle-strato-cirrus, 15,000 feet; cumulo-cirrus, festooned cumulo-cirrus "That's just it," insists the fanatic, "milk is and mackerel sky, 12,000 feet. Low-stratocumulus, and festooned cumulus, base 4,000 feet; cumulo-nimbus and cumulo-stratus, base

> A Healthy Climate. [New York Weekly.] Easterner-Is Nebraska a healthy State? Nebraska Man-Healthy! Well, sir, there's

and hang me if I don't believe he's the orig-Sam Jones's Tribute to Job. [From a Recent Sermon.] The Lord banked on him, and he was equal

to all the trials to which he was subjected.

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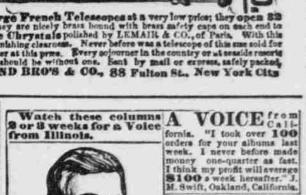
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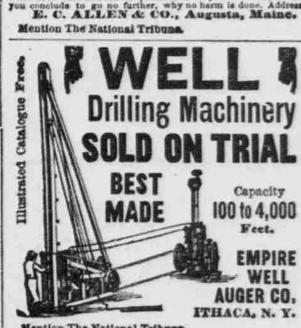


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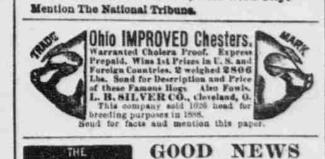


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